

MARVEL
7th May 88

THE REAL

№4 38p
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GHSTBUSTERS™

INSIDE:





Prepare to be greeted by the sounds of ghostly laughter as you turn the pages of this latest issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** In **The Giggling Ghoul**, Peter and Ray discover that, no matter how horrible the situation, it's difficult to keep a straight face. Also look out in this issue for Ray's rather unnerving experience in the **Taxi to Terror**, and see all the Busters get well-and-truly tongue-tied by the terrible . . . Ah, but that would be telling!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS: four dynamic experts in the supernatural who devote themselves to the tireless extermination of the world's most unpleasant spooks, ghosts and phantoms! You'll love their style, applaud their courage, cheer their phenomenal success and feel distinctly queasy at the sight of their pet ghost, Slimer.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS issue 4: You'll shudder! You'll laugh! You'll know exactly who to call!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



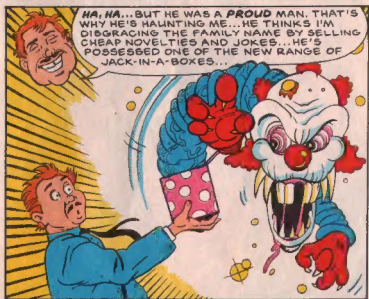
JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL STBUSTERS™

The GIGGLING GHOUL!

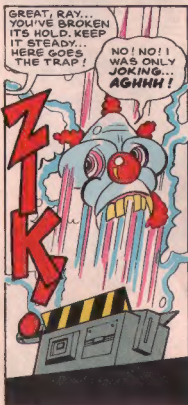
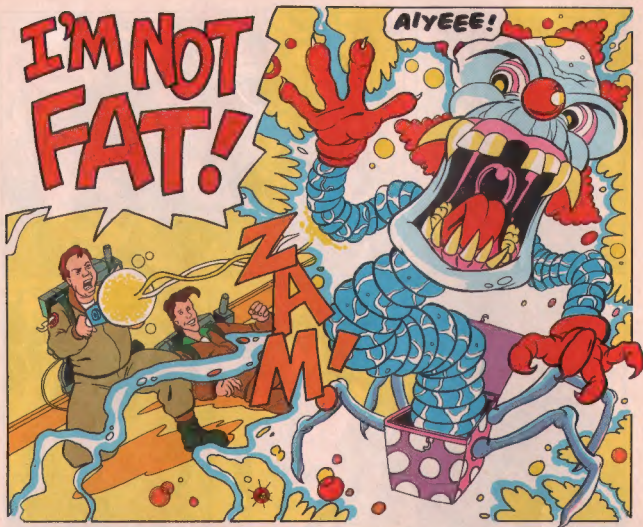


"HA, HA, HA... HE'S CAUSING HAVOC...
TELLING TERRIBLE TERRIFYING
JOKES... HA, HA, HA!"

HAHAHEE HEEHAWHEEHA









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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



Now, this evening I ...
Sshhhh! Did you hear that?
Maybe it was nothing, but I thought ...

Never mind. I really hate sitting up late here, on my own, in the dark, writing these Spirit Guides, but, with a job like mine, this is the only time I get. If only our HQ wasn't so old and full of creaks. I'd feel a lot more comfortable at night. . .

Sorry, I'll get to the point. The subject this evening is what we in the business call Unidentified Unspecific Paranormal or Superphysical Acoustic Manifestational Singularities, and what Peter probably calls ...

SPOOKY NOISES

We all know the old Nursery rhyme – *From ghosties and ghoulies and long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night may the Good Lord preserve us*, – and it's true that spectral noises are the most commonly reported type of haunting. Few people are really bothered by Class Six Mass Furniture-Eating Apparitions: most of our calls are from people who are bothered by strange noises in the night – moaning, wailing, clanking chains, gnashing teeth – a bit like the sound of Ray trying to mend his bicycle.

What was that gurgling noise?! ... No, never mind. Spooky noises ... well, babbling ghosts have been around

PART 4

for centuries: the Indians tell legends of the gibbering *Bauta*, which have small red bodies, pointy fangs and go around ... well ... gibbering. Then there's the *Thaye Tase* of Burma who giggles at sick people, and not to mention the hideous *Big Gurgler* of Maine which – *Huh?* No it *must* be my imagination.

Our British and European readers may be interested to know that their part of the world is really the loudest when it comes to ghosts. In lonely parts of Britain and in parts of Ireland, one may find the *Banshee*: a howling female ghost that is the harbinger of Doom, Mortal Termination and general Snuffing of Life. The name comes from the Gaelic *bean sidhe* which means 'woman of the fairy folk' but really ought to mean 'an extremely loud ghost who induces temporary deafness.'

The Scottish equivalent is the *bean nighe* or 'washing woman' who moans as she washes shrouds in Highland streams, but whether this is due to the water temperature or not is unclear. Unlike the tall, thin, Banshee, the *bean nighe* is short and fat, but wears much cleaner clothes. Then of course there's the Wild Hunt, a group of phantom horsemen who thunder across the Northern Sky with braying horns, screaming horses, drumming hooves and packs of howling dogs, on a desperate search for a shop that sells ear-plugs in bulk.

Some African tribes scare away ghosts by making loud noises. The natives run into the graveyard at daybreak uttering frightful screams to drive away lingering ghosts, and then run out again uttering frightful screams at nightfall when the ghosts come back.

I should mention ... hang on ... I could have sworn I heard something ... Anyway, before I go, I should mention the animals whose sounds mankind associates with the supernatural. The hoot of an owl, for example, either means that someone is going to die, or that there's an owl nearby. The cry of a wolf ... No, it's no good. I have to find out what's making that gurgling noise. Wait here and I'll be back in a minute.



Story JOHN FREEMAN ◉ Art ANDY LANNING and DAVE HARWOOD ◉ Colouring HEL

"Yo! Cab!"

Ray gave a sigh of relief as a Yellow Cab halted in the busy Times Square in New York and he bundled into it, along with all the Ghostbusters' groceries for the week, and more besides. Outside, it was pouring with rain. Lightning was crashing across the sky, with thunder quick to follow. "Thanks pal," said Ray, as the taxi pulled out into the busy afternoon traffic. The young Ghostbuster started sorting his bags out on the back seat of the cab, so they wouldn't get thrown around on a tight corner. Ray knew what taxi drivers were like . . . at least, he thought he did. The driver hadn't even spoken to him when he got in, or asked him where he wanted to go! The street around the cab seemed to blur, and it wasn't just because of the rain, it was as if it was disappearing. "Hey, what's going on?" shouted Ray angrily, rapping on the grille that separated driver from passengers. The street vanished completely into a misty nothingness and the driver turned round and gave Ray a ghastly, toothy grin. There was no flesh on the man's face - his eyes stared out at Ray from the dark sockets of his skull. "Aw no, trust me to grab a ride with a ghost!" groaned Ray, sinking back into the taxi seat. "I have to get some of these groceries into the fridge!"



There was a bump, and the ghost turned round again. "You won't need groceries on the Bridge of Souls," it said, cackling. "The fare is twelve thousand dollars and five cents. Pay up!"

"What! I don't have that kind of money, ever!"

The ghost's eyes rolled in his skull in a horrible manner. "Just like the first one. Well, you'll just have to stay here until you DO pay!"

Ray looked out of the window and saw what looked like bridge supports protruding from the mist, and glowing fires far below.

"The first one? What do you mean?"

"The first fare-dodger, of course! I took him to the Brooklyn Bridge and he tried to jump off without paying his fare. I tried to stop him and fell in instead."

The ghost stared out of the window, and looked very glum.

"Never did get his fare. Ever since then, I've been bringing all the other fare-dodgers here, to this link between heaven and hell. It's a fitting punishment. You'll never get where you want to go unless you pay me."

"I've told you, I don't have twelve thousand dollars on me at the moment."



"Hah!" said the ghost, "Trying to skimp on the five cents, eh? Out you get!"

Ray looked quickly around, looking for a way out of what sounded like a pretty boring predicament. Suddenly, he saw something that made him a bit more hopeful. "Say, you're a pretty honest character—for a ghost, I mean."

The ghost swelled with pride. "Hey, I do things by the book, pal! I don't want to get my licence to haunt cancelled or nothing like that!"

Ray pointed at the taxi cab fare meter in triumph. "Then how do you know the fare is twelve thousand dollars . . .?"

"AND five cents, pal, there you go again—" "IF YOU NEVER SET YOUR METER RUNNING?"

"What?" The ghost turned to his meter and looked at it as though it was about to eat him. Then he looked back at Ray, his eyes rolling again. Then he looked back at the meter. "Oh no," he said, quietly. "Oh yes!" exclaimed Ray. "If you never set your meter running, you're trying to charge me an illegal fare!"

"Hey, I know the fare!"

"Do you? How many more people have you left here, illegally?"

"Oh . . . all of them, I guess."

"Well, I think you'd better take me back to Earth please," said Ray insistently.

"But . . ." protested the ghost.

"No buts, you said you were an honest

ghost. You can't go round charging illegal fares and expect people to pay them."

The ghost looked glumly out of the window. "I could report you," added Ray.

"All right, all right, you win!" muttered the ghost. "I'll take you back."

"AND everyone else!" said Ray. "Or I'll be after you with the rest of my friends in ECTO-1 and a fully-charged Proton Gun!"

"I'm first!" shouted a well-dressed business man, banging his fist on the side of the cab. "I'm well overdue for an appointment with President Nixon!"

"Excuse me, young man," protested a fat old lady with a Pekinese under her arm. "But I believe this wretched spirit dropped me here at least four years before you."

A young lady with twelve bags of shopping and a bored-looking youth stepped out of the mist. "Did I hear someone say we were going back to Earth?" she said.

Ray was amazed. "Hold on! How many people have you brought to this Bridge, anyway?"

The ghost looked sheepish and stared at the roof of the taxi. "Oh, not many," he said.

The taxi seemed surrounded by people, all clamouring to get aboard. "Twenty, maybe thirty . . ."

"Thirty!"

"Thousand." finished the ghost. Ray gave a groan of dismay. "This may take a little longer than I thought!"



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 23 Redan Place, London, W2 4SA



Wow! What a lot of letters you've sent, folks! Great! There's no way I can print them all, so I'll spend this issue answering some of the more important questions. Keep the letters coming!

Dear Peter...

"... You are handsome and my hero, nice, kind, caring, loving, brave, strong, mighty, admirable, cute, ace, brill, excellent and fab."

— Gillian Morgan, Cumbria.

Gee, I think I'll blush now...

"... What does the 'ECTO' in Ecto-1 mean?"

— Huw Reynolds, Lincoln Cathedral School.

As Egon is forever telling us, 'ECTO' is a greek word meaning 'outside' as in 'Ectoplasm'—ghost slime—stuff from beyond. See last issue's *Spirit Guide* for a fuller explanation.

"... How do you manage to keep so cool when you come face-to-face with a ghost?"

— Cheryl Anderson, Cumbernauld.

It helps to be brave, hip and fabby, Cheryl, but the real secret to the trick is refrigerated underwear.

"Please could you ask Egon these questions: how old is Slimmer? Do you like Janine?"

— Darren Scholefield, Leeds.

Egon says: "Slimer is old enough to know better, and ah... what was the other question?"

"... What does a Poltergeist look like? I think the Ghostbusters comic is brill!"

— Mathew Stone, Bristol.

Poltergeists, being invisible, don't look like anything at all. Except air.

"I liked Spengler's *Spirit Guide*, that's what every Buster needs. My favourite stories were

"There's a ghost in my house!", Haunt thy Neighbour! A Day in the Life of Winston Zeddemore, Ghost Under the Hood! and Blimey, it's Slimmer! As you can see, I liked everything!"

— Marelene Ramos, Middlesex.

You are my kind of reader, Marelene!

"... Why don't you get sucked into the Ghost Trap with the ghost?"

— Darren Chapman, Kent.

I asked Egon, and he said it was due to the traps being spectroscopically coded to the protonic patterns of ghosts and not humans. Whatever you say, Egon

"... I would like you to write a reply to let me know you have read my letter."

— Derek Muir, West Lothian.

Here's a reply, Derek. Now you know I have!

"I think your comic is brill! Can you tell me how you, Ray, Egon and Winston met?"

— Dylan Ward, Gwent.

The three of us met at Weaver Hall University, New York, where we ran a Paranormal Studies Department before leaving entirely of our own free will and voluntarily to form the Ghostbusters with Winston.

"Why isn't the comic available weekly instead of fortnightly and, as Janine is your secretary, why doesn't she answer the letters?" (Who do you think is typing them, wise guy?!)

— Gareth Jones, Cornwall.

Gareth, we just don't have time to produce the comic weekly, because we are so busy! Do you know how long it takes to save the world on a regular basis?

"... Why don't you invent a Slimmer-proof fridge?"

— Martin Renshaw, North Wales.

Martin, when Slimmer wants food there ain't nothing that's proof against him!

C'mon everybody! Put pens to paper and be Ghost Writers too!

WINSTON ZEDDMORE

One day, Winston Zeddmore showed up at the Ghostbusters' headquarters looking for a job. He soon became the vital fourth member of the team. Of the four, he is certainly the most sensible, the one with his feet set most firmly on solid ground. Whilst the others might not see a practical solution to a problem, it's Winston who cuts through all the nonsense and gives his all to put an end to the danger. In many ways he is the warmest, most open member of the team, and though he does not have the scientific background that the others share, he makes up for it with his sense of bravery, determination and loyalty. In the body Ghostbuster, Winston would be the heart.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
23 Redan Place
London
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"You know," said Zob, "I once thought of becoming invisible, but I couldn't see any future in it."
"That's nothing," replied Grunge, "I was going to become a body-snatcher but my mother told me not to get carried away."
"Well," said Zob, "A mate of mine got mummified last week, and I've never seen anyone so wrapped up in his work."

How does a ghost begin a letter? -
"Tomb it may concern..."

What does a ghost call his mum and dad? Transparents.

Q Why did Slimer eat the armchairs and the sofa?

A Because he's got a suite tooth!

Q Did you hear about the wolf that fell in the washing machine?

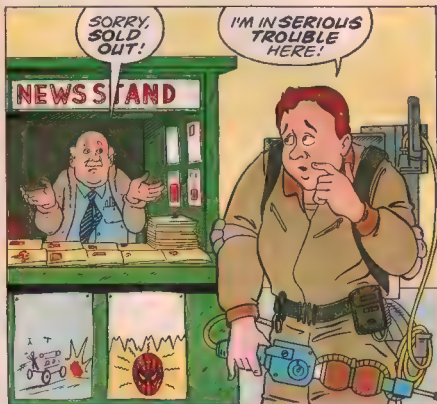
A It became a wash and werewolf!

Two ghouls went duck-hunting with their dogs. They had no success.

"I know what it is, Zob," said Grunge. "I know what we're doing wrong."

"What's that then, Grunge?"

"We're not throwing the dogs high enough."



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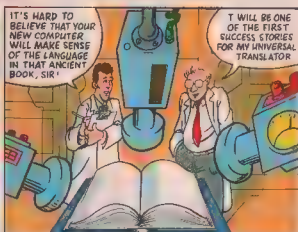
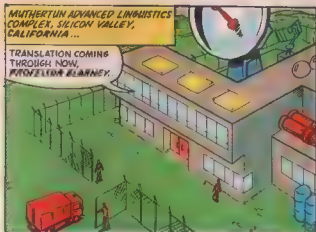
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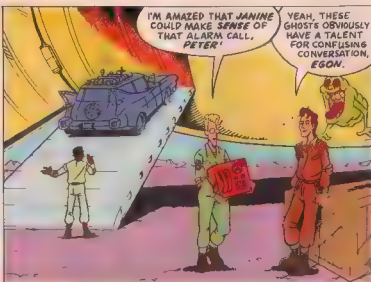


ONE MIXED-UP PHONE CALL AND A QUICK FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK LATER...

YIME 'HNGRY'

HEY GUYS, EVEN SLIMER WON'T EAT AIRLINE FOOD!

WE'RE COMING IN TO LAND AT MATHERTUN. BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

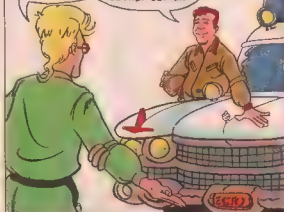


I'M AMAZED THAT JANINE COULD MAKE SENSE OF THAT 'ALARM CALL, PETER'

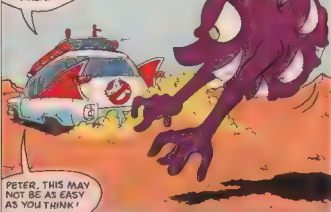
YEAH, THESE GHOSTS' OBVIOUSLY HAVE A TALENT FOR CONFUSING CONVERSATION, EGON.

EVERYTHING ALLRIGHT, RAY?

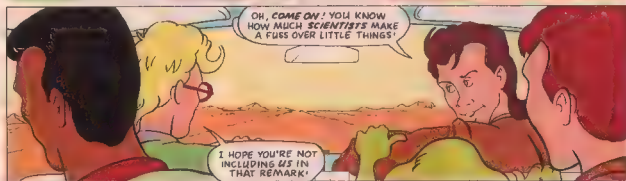
YUP! ECTO-1 HAS NEVER LOOKED BETTER!



ANOTHER QUICK CLEAN-UP JOB AHEAD!



PETER, THIS MAY NOT BE AS EASY AS YOU THINK!

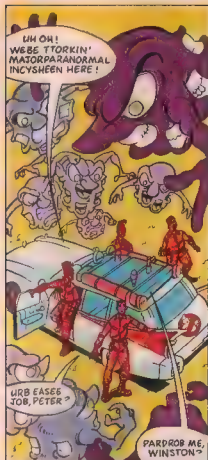


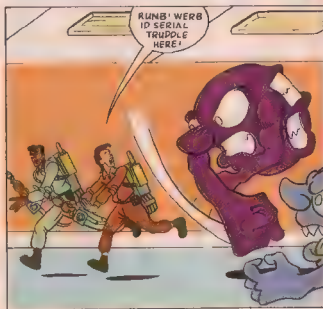
OH, COME ON! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SCIENTISTS MAKE A FUSS OVER LITTLE THINGS!

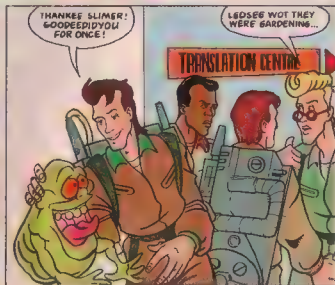
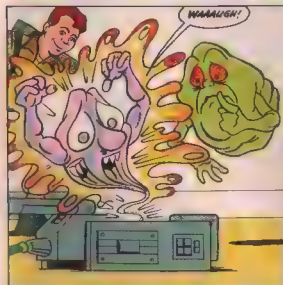
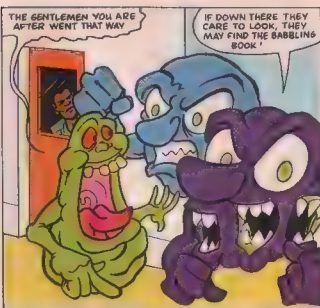
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT INCLUDING US IN THAT REMARK!

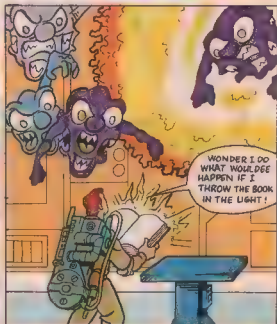
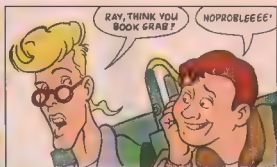
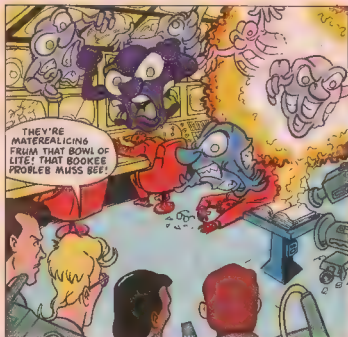


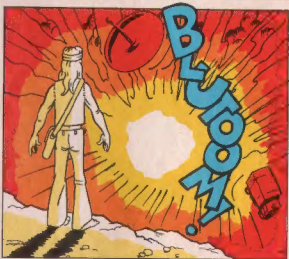
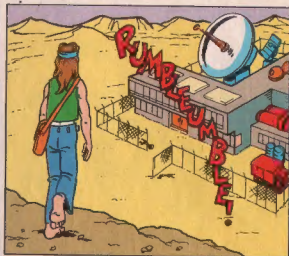
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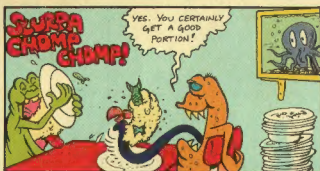
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